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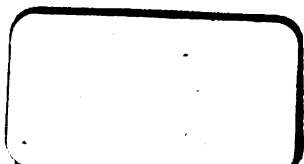


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The
BANNERS
OF THE
COAST



Archibald Rutledge



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The Banners of the Coast

By Hamilton

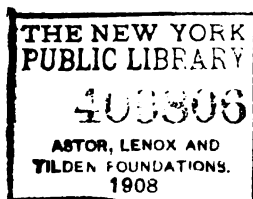
Archibald Rutledge



*"With all the banners of the marsh,
And banners of the coast."*

—Macaulay.

Nineteen Hundred and Eight



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To Florence Hart Rutledge
What is Best in This Book is Dedicated

The Song of the Santer

From out the secret mountain deeps my yearning soul was
drawn,
I flow through violet valleys, and by languorous leagues of
lawn,
In the beauty of the mountains in the dusk and in the dawn.

There I saw the far blue mountains in the visionary west,
Saw the mist upon the mountains in the opal evening west,
Saw the clouds that labor for me o'er the mountains' misty
crest.

Then I journey through the midland where the cotton's in the
boll,
Where the stalwart rustling corn-ranks, like an army past
control,
March down upon my margin where my waters softly roll.

(Once I saw my queenly City, when the foe had stormed the
gate;
Saw my proud, defenceless City, in the brutal hands of fate,
And the land cried out for mercy on Columbia, desolate.)

But the ocean ever calls me in a solemn undertone,
Past the mountains, past the meadows where the waving wil-
lows shone,
Past many a pine and cypress standing sentinel alone.

And so I reach the Delta in the quiet closing day;
Through the reaches of the ricefields, stretching mistily away,
I go as a grey spirit through a throng of spirits grey:

By the sweet plantations old, where the silence seems to fold
Forms of Beauty in caresses with a love that is not told,
By the faces that are sleeping, by the hearts so dim and cold.

O the places that I passed, and the pictures that I glassed,
And the loveliness I mirrored ere I came to rest at last,
From Waterhon to Wicklow, and from Wicklow to the coast.

There was Hampton on the shore, white and stately as of yore,
Seen glimmering through a vista as of years long gone before;
Then the desolate Montgomery of those who come no more.

Then Fairfield on the high bluff where my waters gather wide,
With Navarino Island just across the yellow tide,
With the Wedge and Harrietta gazing from the southern side.

Then the ruined Eldorado, the monument to those
For whom no longer flame the stars, nor any lily blows,
Nor any flower of summer lands, nor any Southern rose:

Though the voices of its loved ones the haunted past enshrines
With the broken years of childhood and the light that dimly
shines,
Yet I hear their voices echo in the music of the pines.

By night I reach the coast-line, with its myriad creeks and
bays;
Where the dark palmettoes gather, and the blasted cedars gaze,
Lone watchers ever by the deep's tremendous thunder-ways.

And so unto the ending of my journey do I come,
The sea-wind blowing softly o'er the heaving midnight foam;
Within those luminous waters far, my spirit finds its home.

The Past

Here where the twilight trees
Gather strange darknesses,
One lies low ;
And to her I must go,
Even as today glides into yesterday,
Not dead, but passed away.

Mysterious Past ! how like a face I knew,
Long dreaming now :
The shadows of thy silent years
Sleep, as the tall dark firs
Over that dream of hers.

The warm hand and heart,
The loveliness of days,
Must needs depart,
Must go their ways ;
God wills it so,
That they should go.

But in the Future's eyes
I read the unsurprise
Of wondrous things concealed
She holds to be revealed,—
The face that I have seen,
The land where I have been.

Mysterious Past ! how like a face I loved,
Long sleeping now ;
O'er thee thy grey and shadowy years
Dream, as the high dim firs
Over that sleep of hers.

The Holy Grail

Within your eyes are deeps of peace;
The sleeping stars above the trees,
The white moon dreaming in the skies
Are of your eyes.

The mystery of night is theirs,
And all the yearning of the years,—
A farewell and a sacrifice
Within your eyes.

Far deeds of valor shine through them,—
The Knights before Jerusalem;
A dying martyr's glorious spirit
Your eyes inherit.

The constant followers love has had,
Love-led, and by Sir Galahad,
Find in your face, when wanderings fail,
The Holy Grail.

A Deserted Plantation

Over the fields and the far lonely strand
The barren broom-grass waves, the lost winds sigh:
Grey-shrouded oaks and rustling laurels high
To sentinel the desolation stand.
The wild sweet woods are deep on either hand.
Beneath the blue and trembling Southern sky,
There is a beauty here that cannot die,
For love makes beautiful a ruined land.

I saw a mourner in that solitude,
And the still twilight seemed to search his face
With anguish dim. Faint with vain tears he stood,
A loneliness, and of that scene a part,
For he beheld the tomb of all his race,
And gazed upon the burial of his heart.

Good Friday Night

The hills are folded in a mist
By Galilee, on Galilee
A silence comes and it is night,—
The stars awaken tranquilly.

Night's beauty, mirrored in her dreams
In Galilee, in Galilee,
Sleeps, and the stars like spirit barks
Move softly on a spirit sea.

The winds sigh with immortal grief
O'er Galilee, and Galilee
Seems mortal and remembers all
That cannot be, that cannot be.

The palms are moving in dim waves
By Galilee, on Galilee
The starlight falls on motionless
Blue waters of a quiet sea.

The shores are hushed, the winds are still
On Galilee, o'er Galilee
The stars are setting far away,
And One has died for thee and me.

Southern Pines

The shadowy glory of remembering
Falls on those days whose light has never died;—
That light that lingers still on sea and shore,
Gleaming in fragrant woods and far away.
Beautiful with a beauty that is past.
The willows waving in soft mystery,
Seeming to lands of wonder marginal,
Breathe forth this spirit: ah, it is the song
Heard o'er the darkening twilight river's tide,
Or sweetly borne by aromatic winds
O'er pine and palm and dark green myrtle grove,
From languorous tumults of the dreaming sea.

O yet I knew not the pangs of loss,
Of splendor long departed, till I heard
In the dim Pines a sighing as of death,
Or sound of falling tears, or as the wind
O'er melancholy waters in the night;
Deep every breath was in slow anguish drawn,
And was released in mournful ecstasy.

I stood beneath those sounding purple spires
As down the pathway of her solemn light
The moon descended: through the vistas sad,
I saw old faces glimmer, burn and fade,
Full of a vanished power or so fair
That round them all a dreadful sweetness shone,
From parted lips and pitiful bright eyes.

As one returns from dreamland beautiful,
Or from a vision mystical with stars,
To desolate encounter with the Dawn,
To lamentable knowledge of the Truth,
So I awoke from visions of the Past,
And turned away, from wailings musical,
Through the lone land toward the setting moon.

And all the Pineland breathed and blessed and gave,
Her unforgetful solace exquisite.
Low in the dusk the glimmering jasmines burned,
And the pale spectral lilies, faintly white,
And all the Pines' great sanctuary held
The floating glamour of the bay's perfume.

Yet all this sweetness swooning to the sun,
And all this fragrance fainting to the moon,
Are they but balm for burial of the Dead?
The awful pomp of flowers covering
That which we loved, which now we dread and fear?

It must not, cannot be. And all your song
(Though like grey music of a far-off sea,
Moaning on brilliant mornings after storms),
Must be of Victory, O Southern Pines!
For after long, long years, ah, what avails
The vain self-pity of our bitterness!
After long years the memory enters on
Life's starry evening sea, whose tides are borne
Toward no beach, nor break on any shore:
Whose waves are full of wistfulness and song,
And strength of broken but forgiving hearts.

Out of grey ashes have we built our homes,
On sweet fields with our blood incarnadined,
We perilled the harvest of the Future dim:
And we shall gather it in happiness,
For from the dust the splendor of the Spring
Ascends, and all the land is beautiful.

The Rose and the Bay

The rose is in the garden,
And the sweet-bay under the pine;
Through vistas soft as memory,
Her far white flowers shine;
Her fragrant flowers tremble
To the rub of a velvet horn,
For the buck will follow the branch
Where the buck was born.

The roses under his window
Are fair to the hunter's eyes,
And fair are the sweet-bay flowers
Where the red-buck lies;
From the peace of the old plantation
The hunter would not roam,
Nor the buck from the warm sweet thickets
Where he has his home.

The holly is on the hill,
And the white bay in the vale;
Through the dim purple aisles of pine
Her far sweet blooms are pale;
Her far white flowers glimmer
In the mist of the early morn,
For the buck starts in the branch
When he hears the horn.

* * * *

The holly is red, and the rose,
Their lover has gone away;
In the deep branch the bay is sweet,
And she was loved as they:—
Ah, the long silence after,
And the strange years swiftly flown,
And the white bay still so beautiful
When the buck is gone.

Jnderision

They stand before the gate of Paradise,
That portal fair beyond which there is peace :
From the gray deep below, the lonely seas
On earth's wild shores in homeless longings rise.
"O let us haste within," the lover cries,
"Within the gate is rest, and tumults cease."
But she, far-gazing, doubted ; and her eyes
Shadowed her uncontrol. The very trees
Of Paradise are trembling lest she turn ;
The winds of God consent not ; in the night
They thunder ; at her pause the sea-waves mourn :
The stars with dazzling pangs flame with new light
On the fair way, imploring, lest the gate
Close with a sigh upon them, desolate.

The Twilight

He saw the sunrise on the hill,
But was not comforted :
His heart longed to be still ;
"Would God the day were dead,"
He said.

His heart longed to be still ;
Longed for the deep shadow-waves,
The sweet fields growing dark,
The late bird-voices, and the bells,
The evening's dim farewells,
In the distance dying ;—
For the light on far pale streams
After the sunset, and the silent trees ;
The quiet west,
Tranquil with gorgeous dreams ;
The tall white lily stars,
As God's watch over these,
And these lying
On the bosom of Rest

*She, in that weary hour,
Turned to him with a mystic grace
The Twilight of her Face.*

The Long Night

Night falls upon the Southern coast;
To far shores silence stretches pale;
The grey mist rises like a ghost.

By twilight waters red and lone,
Gaunt vultures plume themselves for rest
Upon bald trees bleached white as bone.

The sighing shore-waves slowly curl,
And by the dim creek's shadowy bends,
Softly the ebb-tide eddies whirl.

The tide is out, the moon is low,
The pines are black against the sky;—
I never saw them tower so.

I mark the pines, the mist I mark,
But not the holy face of one
Whom night bore to a deeper dark.

Home

In a strange night, from dreams of sorrow deep
There came a voice, and from beyond the foam
Of darkened seas that held me in their keep,
From perilous shores where I was wont to roam,
It called me home.

Life's weariness, the misty hours of tears,
The desolate sea on which my spirit tossed,
Doubts, hesitancies, trouble, scornings, fears,
The darkness of the River to be crossed,
In thee are lost.

All that had vanished with the early light,
Dead with my heart, and buried in the ground,
Far mystic flowers of faith, and pure delight,
All that I lost, passed beyond sight and sound,
In thee is found.

No longer need I look to earth and skies
For veils of loveliness to be withdrawn,
For all the night is gathered in thine eyes,
And in thy face the stars,—when night is gone,
Thou art the dawn.

All I remember dearly as a child,
The lands of lost horizons and the sea,
The beautiful light on visions undefiled,
All that I loved, all that I cannot be,
I find in thee.

Rain on the Marsh

Rain on the Romain Marsh,
And the sullen tide is low :
The barren flats are chill and bare,
The fitful rain-winds blow.
The tall blades of the marsh
Tremble and bend and sigh ;
The weary fishing boats come in
Under the weary sky.

And a soul goes out in the mist,
From a house on the marsh's rim,
That heeds not the wind or the rain,
Nor the hours grey and dim.
The house is shut and still,
Save two high windows free,
Peering across the reaches blind
That stretch out to the sea.

And I know in the silent house,
In the home whence a soul has flown,
Two sad sea-wistful eyes look out
On the sad sea-vistas lone.
Still are the lips that trembled
Under death's white caress,
But the lips that prayed seem wounded
By their own loveliness.

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The rain is over : a wind
Sweet from the pineland blows ;
The sun is set and the far deep west
Blooms like a gradual rose.
The mists from the marshes rise,
The marsh-blades lift and stir ;
The flood-tide sets in from the sea,
The west grows lovelier.

But I know in the lonely house,
On the waste sea-marsh's rim,
Two faithful eyes and brave look out,
On life's lost beauty dim.
Softly the twilight blows
Over the twilight fields,
Till the strong and quiet face
To that pale mercy yields.

Homecoming

When you come home to me you bring
Refuge and rest;
The music that love, listening,
Learns to love best;
Peace, and the after silencing
Upon love's breast.

What home was there for me, when you
Were far away?
What joy for me, when joy with you
Had flown away?
What help save my own thought of you
From day to day?

How shall I answer for doubt's past
Delirium?
When you come home at last, at last,
Dear, when you come?
I shall be strong to hold you fast
When you come home.

Charleston

The night is fair upon the sister streams;
Softly entranced the far shore-visions shine;
Now sleeps the City, mirrored in her dreams.

Not in the sleep that covers Beauty's swoon
From the chill criticism of the stars,
And moody contemplation of the moon;

But in a deep and mystic sleep serene,—
Beautiful as to dying eyes the light
On sorrowful far lands at sunset seen.

A voice is grieving from the grieving sea,—
A voice grieves of a farewell long ago,
Of spirit-loneliness and memory.

Here where the nations' commerce used to ride,
From the warm South and from the frozen North,
A dim ship swings upon the misty tide.

An elder darkness than the night comes down,
A music deeper than the anthemed sea's,
That fold the dreamers in the dreaming town.

The day is fair upon the sister streams,
A wind is calling from the calling sea;—
Still sleeps the City, mirrored in her dreams.

The Heart of a Friend

I have dreamed of a wonderful region
Thro' the mist of the broken years;
It lies thro' the valley of longing,
Its verge is of tears.

Only those who are brave to be tender,
Whose wills are true to be strong,
Can come to that marvelous region
Whose silence is song.

'Tis a bourne for the faithful, rejected
By men, and sorely oppressed;
And there may be sorrowful-hearted
By the still waters rest.

Deep, deep is the refuge, the refuge,
The peace, the repose;
There blow the sweet winds of the twilight,
There the tired eyes close.

But the region,—O where shall one find it?
Is it after the wild journey's end?
It is found with its beautiful solace
In the heart of a friend.

My Life

Unless for you my life I live,
It is not high, it is not true;
My life is lost, unless I give
My life, and live for you.

Unless like you I may become,
I am not true, I am not brave;
I turn me, weary, to my home,—
I turn to you, and you will save.

It is not lost, the life we give;
The life we lose, it is not flown;
And I, who have an hour to live,
I offer it unto mine own.

The end of this brief hour I live,
However high, however true,
Is lost, unless at last I give
My life, and die for you.

The Night Rider

He rode by night and saw the stars
Above the pine trees trembling;
A soldier coming from the wars,
How sweet to hear the pine trees sing
Of rest and home beyond the fight,
Of quiet dawns beyond the night.

He rode by night a tired steed;
His face was yearning like a star;
His heart was yearning with the need
Of love he left to roam afar:—
He saw a deer start up where, stark,
A blasted pine shone in the dark.

He rode by night. Against his face
The warm wind fragrant memories bore;
He felt the friendship of the place,
Yet all that had been was no more:
“God, God,” he said, “Thy ways are strange,
With silence, darkness, and with change.”

* * * * *

He rides by night when nights are strange
With Fear's mysterious whispering;
He hears soft cries of dreadful change
Through lonely night-lands echoing:
The dark pines feel his deep distress,
And sigh with mighty tenderness.

He sees the flag-flowers waving wan,
(Blue wave the flowers of the flag!)
When darkness glimmers like a dawn,
He sees a fleet and shadowy stag,
Ghostly in the pale wavering light,
Start silently into the night.

He rides by night a spirit-steed,
Through the dim pine-belt of the coast;
His face yearns from the night in need
Of a great love that he had lost:
He rides by night when nights are strange
With whispers of the weary change.

The May

Dear, as our love is true,
So shall our lives be, too.

And as our hearts are brave,
Shall we be strong to save.

"Live, live," let others cry,
"For after life we die."

"Love, love," my spirit saith,
"For love lives after death."

Romain Light

'Round the great lantern goes,
'Round floats the flashing light;
Over the sea it throws
A pathway wide and bright
Through the wide pathless night.

Now drones the ebb-tide dim
Down to the foaming bar;
Down to the white sea-rim,
Down to the ocean far,
Where the great voices are.

Here the sweet myrtle trees
Murmur in soft delight;
There the grey aching seas,
Through the waste breach of night,
Plunge in toward the light.

Shoreward the lantern shines,
And its beams softly come
To the dark sea of pines,
Rolling in purple foam
Over the pineland home.

Steadfast as God's own star
Through the wild moaning night;
Where death and darkness are,
Where fails the mortal sight,
There will be found the Light.

Life and Love

Fair, infinite with ancient memories,
Gather the stars. What have their hearts not seen,—
All that I am, all that I might have been;—
They gaze upon me with imperial eyes,
Calling my spirit straightway to arise:—
Ah, pitying God, the woeful gulf between
Their steadfast beauty, changelessly serene,
Their glory and my heart's best sacrifice.

Life still must have its anguish and its dust,
Its barren sorrow when self's will is done,
Its mortal dimness and its fear that mars:
Love lights her spirit-flame of changeless trust;—
When the rain falls, fear not for yonder sun,
Nor in the tempest tremble for the stars.

A Jessamine

Enshrined in laurel rustlings and perfume
Of myrtle and of pine;
Burning in misty beauty, half concealed,
In odorous dusks that are too sweet for gloom,
Thou, yellow Jessamine,
By thy own fragrance art revealed.

The lustral river knows no loveliness
Like that it takes from thee,
When deeply mirrored in its yearning breast,
Thou liest unconscious in its soft caress,
Unreal and shadowy,
Yet of all love, most holy, tenderest.

The longing river bears thy memory far
Through languorous Southern lands:
By cypress shades and billowy leagues of lawn,
All day, all night, until the morning star,
Above the sea-coast sands,
Fades into blue and gold and crimson dawn.

An Elegy

A wind blew over the river by night;
 (O the night wind, and the river-mist!)
A wind blew through the fields at night,
 And the sleeping flowers kissed.

The wind passed through a garden sweet;
 (O garden sweet and wistful-wild!)
The night was fair, the wind was sweet;
 And it kissed a dreaming child.

O wind that passed, O river-mist,
 O garden sweet and wistful-wild;
O flowers that the night wind kissed,—
 O child, O sleeping child!

A Dreamer

Between the stars and desert sand
Move clouds of faith, and clouds of fire;
I follow through the desert land
The pale dream and the dream's desire:
Still let me strive, yet feel you move
Within the cloud and fire, Love.

I fall with all the fallen brave,
And rise to many a starry height;
Yet unto me the Father gave
Not strength, as those who, flaming white
With joy and song press to the mark,
But deeper music, and the dark.

To me are vanished faces sweet,
The veiled future's mystic spell;
With dreams forgotten let me meet,
Still let me fear to say farewell:
But turn not from me if I fear
Lest dream and memory disappear.

O if, with darker mold of mind
I feel hearts tremble, heave, and break
With every cry upon the wind,
Be near, be near me then and make
Thy day the fairer for my night,
My darkness nobler for thy light.

Breach Inlet

From the bosom of the deep
I draw the dreaming tide,
To flush the weary flats
And the marshes wide:
Man bars my course, but I am still
Master of men, and they obey my will.

The sailors of the deep
Fear me, and know my foam;
I am the burial-place
Of those who come not home;
And from me, glimmering to the shadowy coast,
Dead eyes in anguish peer from faces lost.

The full wild breast of the deep
I give the marsh and shore,
That they may drink and know
Of weariness no more:
The magic of the ancient coast is mine
From long blue-rolling wave to lonely pine.

On the face of the deep
My messengers run,
To lure the toiling tides
From the setting sun:
Beauty I have, and with it cold unrest,
And the sea-thunder surges through my breast.

King's Port

I know a lady veiled beside the sea,
A spirit beautiful with mystery;
From sin and death she sets her lovers free.

But those who pass across the darkness far,
Seeking for darkness, nor for any star,
And find themselves, beholding what they are,

Barbaric wanderers,—never unto these
Will she reveal her beauty or her peace
Sweet by the dreaming of her purple seas.

He who would pass behind her veil must die;
He must renounce his earth to reach her sky;
And he must lose himself in chivalry.

She is not desolate: Love has sufficed.
No scarlet flowers have her heart enticed,
And still she gazes on the face of Christ.

The veil that guards her features trembles, stirs,
She smiles upon her transient worshippers,
Knowing her Own, and love that still is hers.

Requirement

What is required of us? What now must we
Suffer that love may not be perishable?
Render that love may not be ruinous?
What flower, far in the dark fields of pain,
Must be by us gathered immaculate?
What unknown seas, what dim and perilous shores
Must witness us? What silence must we keep,—
What song sing in the night when others mourn?

Dear Heart, no peril and no strife forlorn,—
Only to love as God would have us love;
Only to love as we ourselves would love;—
Only to love that Love may never die.

Night on the Coast

The wind is in the pines,
And a voice in the wind
Grieving of ruined shrines;
Yet what it cannot find
On earth, is in my mind.

A storm moans on the bar,
And will not cease to be;
A lonely western star
Looks on the lonely sea;
Yet love is here with me.

No more the red dawn foams,
No more the pulses start;
The spirit-evening comes,
Yet all that must depart
From life, lives in my heart.

The sea-wind brings the mist,
That shrouds the silent coast;
A dead face I have kissed,—
And loved, of all things most,—
Is mine, though all be lost.

Carolina Pines

O the Southern Pineland free
Breathes immortal melody,
Like the immemorial music of the old melodious sea:
Purer than the live-oak shrines,
Sweeter than the jessamines,
Is the wild and lonely liberty beneath the windy pines.

Nor is any land diviner
Than the one whose sons enshrine her
In their heart of hearts, though exiled, as their Mother Carolina,
And she holds their love in keep,
And when shadows gather deep,
To her fragrant sanctuary they will all come home to sleep.

From the sea-coast and the hill,
They go forth against their will,
Yet they shall return at evening when the weary heart is still.
When the eyes are dark with tears,
And the fainting spirit hears,
From a bourne exceeding beautiful, the voice of other years.

They will gather from afar,
As at evening star on star,
Fills the ancient courts of heaven where God's peace and silence
are.

On their tired brows no bays,
Nor around them shouts of praise,
As they gather in the sunset after many, many days.

They will gather in the gloaming,
In the twilight that is coming,
They will gather, they will gather when the time is done for
roaming.

When their sun is in the west,
And the air is tenderest,
Then their Mother Carolina will enfold them on her breast.

Under that sweet Southern sky,
All untroubled they will lie,
They will dream and see beloved faces of the days gone by;
While the mystic pine-wind blows,
And the quiet river flows,
Bearing hearts upon its bosom to the Lily and the Rose.

Southern Pines, still hold for us
Magic sweet and perilous,
Dreams that linger longest and make darkness luminous.
Though on alien shore and foam,
We can hear you call us home,
And we answer you in spirit as in truth we soon shall come.

While thine altar fires burn,
While the heart of man may yearn,
O my Mother Carolina, unto thee we turn, we turn;
Bearing thee as love's own token,
Love, with dying accents spoken,
Hearts, that by their coming, give the gift of faith unbroken.

A Life

Thy life, my life, or gold or dust,
Or flower or sod;
In one alike we put our trust,
Thy God, my God.

Thy grief, my grief; the journey wild
Is thine and mine;
Hands clasped to find the Way, dear child,
Thy way and mine.

The evening gathers over us,
And fades our light;
Yet we are glad to have it thus,
Thy night, my night.

The Sea in the Sky

The sea in the cloudless sky,
Blue, blue the waters lie;
And the hours tremble on
After the trembling dawn.

The sea in the stormy sky,
Dark roll the waves and high;
With the far surf heaving white
On the shadowy edge of night.

The sea in the midnight sky,
Light after light on high;
The wide track stretching free,
And the starry ships on the sea.

The sea in the sunset sky,
Where the gorgeous billows die;
In cloudy ranks they come
Plunging to twilight foam.

As a Star

Lo, your face that led me far,
Still will lead me, as a star
Leads the darkly-wandering night,
Till both vanish into light.

You are of the silent hours,
Of the strange and mystic flowers;
Beautiful, and true, and tender,—
Unto you the stars surrender.

Depths of quietness will come
In the day's delirium;
Thoughts of mountains, rivers, seas,—
Dreams of you in all of these.

Fair your memory will remain
When all else will seem in vain;
When all else is faded, broken,—
When the lips' last words are spoken.

For your face that led me far,
Still will lead me, as a star
Leads the darkly-wandering night,
Till both vanish into light.

Requiem

Tender the flowers are
Over a face asleep;
Silent white moon and star
Their lonely watches keep;
Softly the winds from far
Blow from the ancient deep.

Bright Year, what would you bring,
What is your will?
Wild birds that mate and sing
Where, on this hill,
Perishing, perishing,
Beauty lies still?

Winds of the ancient deep,
Night that descends,
Take her now in your keep,
Be you her friends;
Now that she lies asleep,
And the world ends.

Ebb-Tide

The moonlight lay along the floor,
Cold on the floor the moonlight lay;
The sleeper's face was in the dark,
Chill crept the moonlight, pale and stark,
To touch his features grey.

The ebb-tide flowed beneath the moon
With floating sedge and cloudy foam;
How deep the midnight shadows lie,
The coast-line pines, how dark and high
About the sleeper's home!

The moonlight slept along the floor,
The moonlight slanted to the bed;
The sleeper stirs not any more,—
The moonlight glided from the floor
To gaze upon the dead.

How far beneath the setting moon
Will yonder ebb-tide's bearing be?
How far beyond us is the light
Of faces lost in some strange night,
Beyond what land and sea?

Fairest

"O Singer, what is sweetest in thy song?
O Watcher, what has kept thee watching long?

The foam-white moonlight and the stars' caress
At midnight on high waters motionless?

The cool green blades of darkly-waving corn;—
Beneath the morning pines the hunter's horn?

Red sunset shafts across an autumn plain,
Mysterious with falling of soft rain?

Far mountains; silent evening rivers old,
That soon the holy evening stars will hold?"

"These are all fair, but fairer than all these,
Than autumn sunsets and than moonlight seas;

The holiest visions that the eye hath seen;
The noblest thoughts that in the mind have been,—

These I behold in all their strength and grace
In sweet communion on a mother's face.

She bears a hope celestial where she goes,
And wears at heart a wild white spirit-rose."

Ghost Point

Eagle Hummock lies behind,
And the broad bay lies before:
Between the bay and the open sea
Are sunken reefs of treachery
And ships that sail no more.

Eagle Hummock,—there alway
The storm-bent cedars sigh:
Gazing out over the foaming tracts
To the surf-line's glimmering cataracts
Where wrecks and perils lie.

Eagle Hummock lies behind,
And Harbor Creek before;
Beyond is the bay and the light-house far
Where the brave and lonely keepers are
At watch on the lonely shore.

Eagle Hummock,—there at night
When stars with storms are red,
With the dim sea moaning far away,
With a sound unheard by men the bay
Gives up her wandering dead.

Eagle Hummock lies behind
Where the drowned men come on shore:
And save for the obscure laughter heard,
Silently,—save for the gray mist stirred
By them who sail no more.

The Old South

Far silent country where the white stars shine
On slumberous river and on dreaming pine,—
Art thou the land my heart has loved and known,
Even my own
Sweet silent country?

Sweet land, sweet land, I see the grey years creep
Shadow on shadow; and for deeper sleep
Thy dark eyes close. And I am left alone,
My lost, my own
Far silent country.

With faint, cold lilies has thy hair been crowned;
Thy pale brow with the purple nightshade bound;
Soft over thee the winds of sleep have blown,
Over my own
Sweet silent country.

The New South

Sing with me, for my heart is at song,
Sing for the night is past;
Cry with a sweet voice, brave and strong,
The day has come at last.

Weary I was with sighing and tears,
Weary were my children's hearts;
Let us forget the sorrow of the years,
For grief forgot departs.

I have arisen; I see a light,
Risen from ashes gray;
Sing for the passing of the night,—
Sing for the golden day.

Let us forget the places of the tombs,
And turn from pain away,
To see the white cotton whirling on the looms,
And the glimmering spindles gay.

To see the great rivers rushing down alone,
Past beauty that gives increase.
O children mine, my beauty is your own,
My joy, my strength, my peace.

I have renounced the shadows and mist,
The dust, and memories gray;
My heart is glad, for the rod I kissed
Is made my staff today.

Let us forget the mourning pines,
In a more triumphant song;
Come let us build on our ruined shrines
A temple bright and strong.

So may we toil, and as we labor, sing,
Uplifted, glorified;
Brave must we live, remembering
The Brave who for us died.

E'Enni

My life is numbered by your days,
My sorrows are the tears you shed;
For we are one in thoughts and ways,
And what you speak my heart has said:
Can you recall and I forget,
Or suffer and I not regret?

Let other hearts and other hands
Their tributes bring, but still will mine,
In other times, in other lands
A star upon your forehead shine;
For love is strong, though love's alone,
And even in darkness knows its own.

You may not give this gift away,
Not even to the one who gave;
It goes with you the long, long way,
And you will bear it to the grave.
The best I have to you is given
As treasure laid away in Heaven.

May the same light awaken us,
And the same darkness close our eyes;
For the same fears have shaken us,
And the same dreams' sublimities:
And the same future hopes are ours,
The blooming and the dying flowers.

Year after year the spring will call,
And the deep summer hoard her sheaves;
For us will flame, will fade, will fall
The crimson and the golden leaves:
And for the glory that departs,
We clasp love closer to our hearts.

